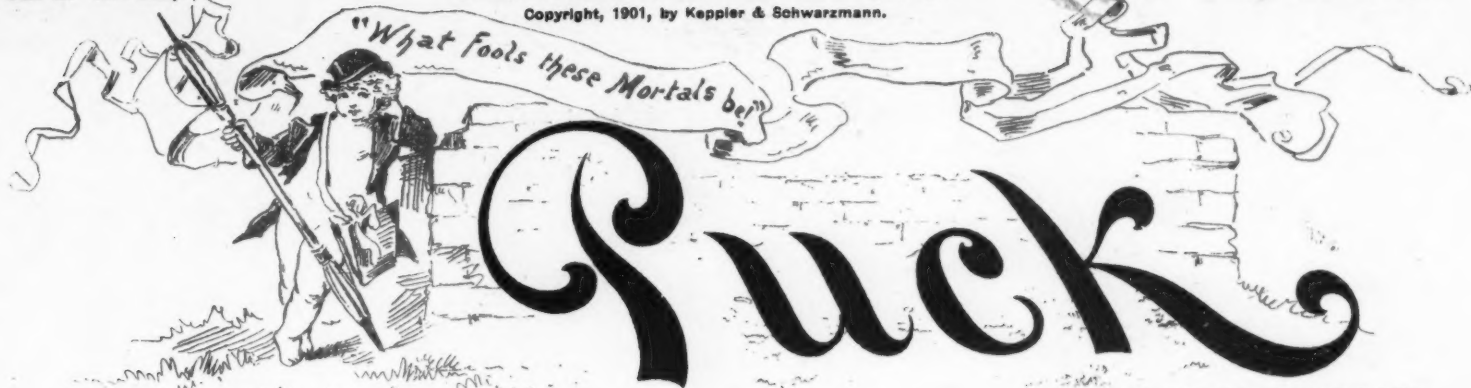


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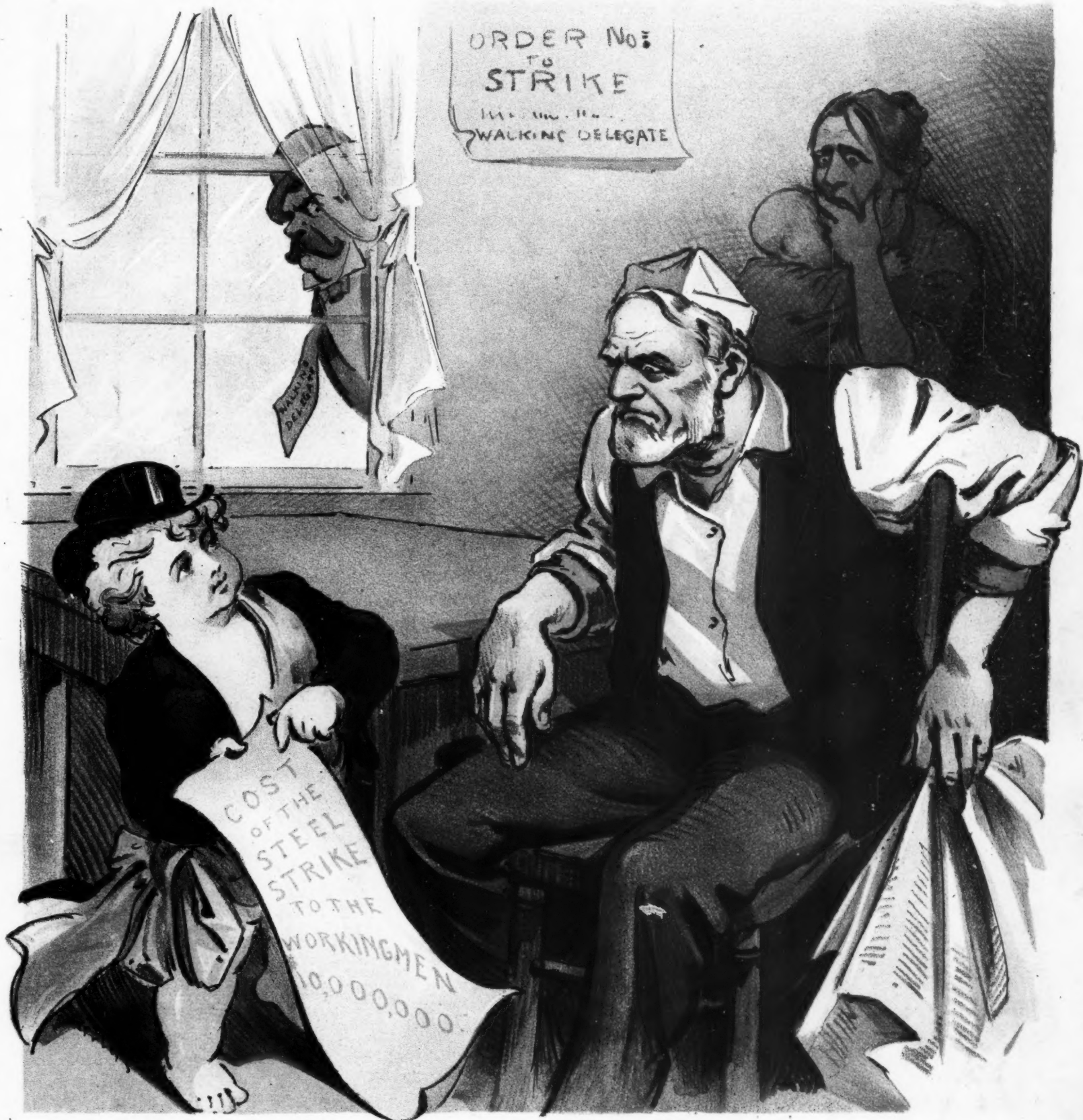
PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 9th, 1901.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



#### A STRIKE PREVENTIVE.

PUCK (to Organised Labor).—The Chinese stop the pay of their doctors when they fall sick—why don't you stop the pay of your walking delegate while a strike is on? It would save you a lot of money.



#### A SEASIDE IDYL.

**T**HE BEAUTIFUL young woman had waded out beyond her depth, and the athletic young man rescued her. Still they lingered.

"You have forgotten something!" she faltered.

"What, pray?" he asked, with knightly courtesy.

"My tip!" quoth she, naively. "The house pays me nothing, you know. I'm supposed to get my pay from tips!"

He handed her a quarter.

"It's all the change I have in my bathing suit!" said he.

"Thank you!" said she, for she was unmistakably well-bred.

#### THEIR AWFUL DANGER.

"What do they mean in Europe by the 'American peril?'"

"Oh! They're afraid that America will sell goods so cheap that everybody in Europe will be able to buy them."

#### MIGHT MAKE OR MAR.

MISS PEACHBLOW.—Did you enjoy yourself on your vacation?

KODAK IDIOT.—I can tell you better after the films that I exposed are developed.

A NERVOUS old party in Worcester  
Was aroused from his sleep by a rorcester.  
He awoke with a snore  
And, arising, he swore  
This was more than his ears could get yorcester.



#### A HEAVYWEIGHT.

THE STORK (carrying the baby Hippo to his new home).—Well! This is the toughest job I ever tackled! If they want any more babies in the Hippo family they'll have to apply somewhere else;—this is the last one I undertake!

#### AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

When the word flew from lip to lip that a tramp had smoked a cigarette in a vacant lot near the outskirts of the city, feeling ran high.

A few were for letting the law take its course, but they were rudely thrust aside.

"Burn him!" was the all but universal cry.

And burn him they did, at the scene of his crime.

Of course, the world at large was shocked; but Kansas people, particularly the better element thereof, were not administering their public affairs to suit the world at large.

Though two centuries had passed since Carrie Nation was gathered to her mothers, her soul was marching on.

#### POLITICAL.

BROWN.—What makes Bryan want to run for President again?

JONES.—Oh, well! What makes men want to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel?

#### PROGRESS.

FIRST SAVAGE.—My! You seem to be advancing in civilization!

SECOND SAVAGE.—Well, I've got far enough ahead to tell the difference between a good cigar and a bad one.

#### THE SUPERFLUOUS ONE.

FARMER SHELLBACK.—I see the politicians are figgerin' on a third party bein' in the field in the next Presidential campaign.

FARMER BROADHEAD.—Yes; the parties will be the Republicans, the Democrats and William J. Bryan.



#### RIGHT IN IT.

"Talking about historical fiction," said the first man, "I've done something in that line myself."

"You have?" said his friend.

"Why, of course—when I was a war correspondent in South Africa."

#### A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

MR. BEACON (of Boston).—My friend, Mr. Harrington, is an expert chauffeur.

MR. BACON (of Chicago).—You don't say? Which bath is he connected with?

#### MIGHT BE GATHERED IN.

"The King has given several thousand medals for meritorious service in South Africa."

"The Boers are not getting any medals?"

"No; but they may, if the recipients of the British medals go back to South Africa."



# PUCK



## A COMPLIMENT.

SHE.—Ah! We can't tell what the future has in store for us!  
HER HUSBAND.—Well, don't worry, Dear! Whatever it is, you'll get it at a bargain.

## THE HUNT FOR BRE'R COON.



H! De night win' blow till yo' shibbeh,  
Cum erlong, Remus, cum!  
'Way down by de fohk ob de ribbeh  
Yo' 'll fin' de big blue gum.  
'Way up wheh he cyan't climb higheh  
Yo' 'll fin' ol' Misteh Coon;  
En his eyes dey gleam lak fieh  
In de light ob torch en moon.

Climb dat tree, mah li'l boy,  
Wrap yo'self aroun';  
Den shake! Shake! Shake! till de ol' limb break—  
En Misteh Coon cum down.

Misteh Coon think we cyan't fin' him  
Ef he hide en make no soun';  
But de smoke fum de pine torch blin' him  
En down he cum to de groun'.  
Den man en de dawg dey follow,  
En it 's farewell, Misteh Coon!  
No mo' he 'll hide in de hollow,  
Or prow! by de big, white moon.

Climb dat tree, mah li'l boy,  
Remus takes his dram;  
Den nods en sings what de morrow brings—  
Fat coon meat en yam.

Victor A. Hermann.

## HIS OPINION.

IKEY.—Fader, do you pelieve dere vas any lucky numbers?  
HIS FADER.—Yes; der vuns mit der tollar sign pefore dem.



## A SURRENDER.

HUSSELL (*reading subscription list*).—"A. Skinflint, two dollars—"  
HOLMES.—I guess that's enough. If you got any money out of him  
I don't see how I'm going to escape!



but ever since our Gert's been to see Maud Adams, nothin' is good enough for her and she never cried onct. When Jerry showed her the poetry on the program—

“Johnny McCarty,  
Always so hearty,  
Will furnish a flat  
For the right party!”

she sneered; just like that! And said buying furniture on the instalment plan was tenement Irish, and none of that fer her, if you please; just like that!

The airs of her! Did n't she get her Near Seal sack from Mr. Levitski, a dollar down and fifty cents a week, and when she got behind a dollar and a half and Terry, me brother, had hocked it so 's he could go on the Foley Chowder, was n't it me that she ast to square it with Mr. Levitski, who was that mad that his whiskers popped like fire crackers?

Oh! but about me party! Huh! if I did n't come near fergittin' it!

Well, I had bows of ribbons tied on the rock-in'-chair and the arm-chair, darned the hole in the sofa and put new tidies on it, and painted the frames of all the crayon pictures of me mother, me father and Father Slattery with gold paint, till Jerry Quinn said the parlor looked like a bower.

I didn't ast Maggie Feely—I got up the party just not to ast her. But Skates Monahan and his sister Sadie, who is a store detective, and kin arrest you if you just say one word, they was there. Maggie Kenny, the lady president of the Lady Lilacs; Libby Durkin, Johanna Bahen and their gen'lemen fre'ns; Mr. McNabb and Mr. Bernon and Willy Off The Pickle Boat, all me fre'ns. Somebody ast where Maggie Feely was. But I said, “she called me a snip when me name was put up for the Lady Lilacs.” When I said that they was all wise as to what was the matter with Maggie.

We had a lovely time! three kinds of ice-cream, vanilla, strawberry and chocolate; lady-fingers, lemonade and sandwiches, and everybody acted real genteel, and there was n't a word except

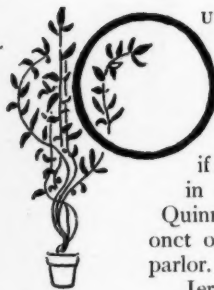
#### A WILD HOPE.

THE MISTRESS.—I hope we shall get along nicely together.  
THE NEW COOK.—Do yez, Mum? Am I yer fur-rst cook?

#### THE SHIRTWAIST GIRL.

IV.

EMMA LOUISE HAS A COMING-OUT PARTY TO WHICH THE ELDER MR. MONAHAN ARRIVES UNINVITED—BUT THE MAN DON'T CARE.



OUR GERT has had parties. Sadie Monahan had a party when she got her gold tooth and stood grinnin' like a pianner so 's to show it; but the party I had last Saturday night put 'em all on the Fritz.

Of course our Gert tried to knock it. She said if any money was being blowed in it better be blowed in on her wedding dresses and things. But Jerry Quinn and me brother Terry stood up fer me, and fer onct our Gert played left-field-and-last-to-the-bat in our parlor.

Jerry Quinn's got a new job and a new saying. He's a conductor on the Third Avenue, and if he don't get color-blind so 's he can't tell his own money from the company's, why, as he says, the man won't care.

He makes you tired saying “The man don't care!” If you go to tell him your troubles, that's his answer, “The man don't care!”

Jerry is all the works, at that; but me sister Gert gives me a sizzing in me ear. I went to the theatre with 'em, the other night, to see “The Guilty Mother,” at the Third Avenue. It was lovely,



#### THE USUAL THING.

SELDUM FEDD.—Well, pard, w'at you been doin' since I seen you last?

SOILED SPOONER.—Givin' imitations of a man lookin' for work.



# PUCK

a little trouble between Skates Monahan and Benny Levitski on account of the ham sandwiches.

Benny would n't take any when Skates passed 'em around, and Skates told him to eat hearty, it was n't Friday.

Benny Levitski is an awful swell. He had on nine diamond rings and the cologne jest dripped off him. Skates Monahan had his accordion, and by puttin' the sofa and chairs out in the kitchen there was room for two couples at a time to two-step.

Benny Levitski and Skates Monahan and Willy was hollering, "Fade Back to the Forest, You!" to each other, and scrappin' to dance with me.

Huh! Was I the main cheese at me party? Well, I guess yes!

Everything was goin' lovely when old man Monahan got back home from the Exempt Firemen's meetin' with a load of peaches, and come right upstairs and come in and started to sing a come-all-ye, about some brave young patriots who used to lay behind walls and shoot the cruel landlords who wanted the people to pay rent in Ireland—

'And it's how these young and gallant lads  
Were by bloody traitors sold,  
Be-trayed un-to the gal-lows through dirty English gold!'

is all I can remember; but it was lovely, only Sadie Monahan was mad to see her father come in with lime on his shoes and soshed up, when she had been telling Willy, jest before he came in, how "Paw-paw was infatuated with literature!"

Would n't that jerk you sideways?

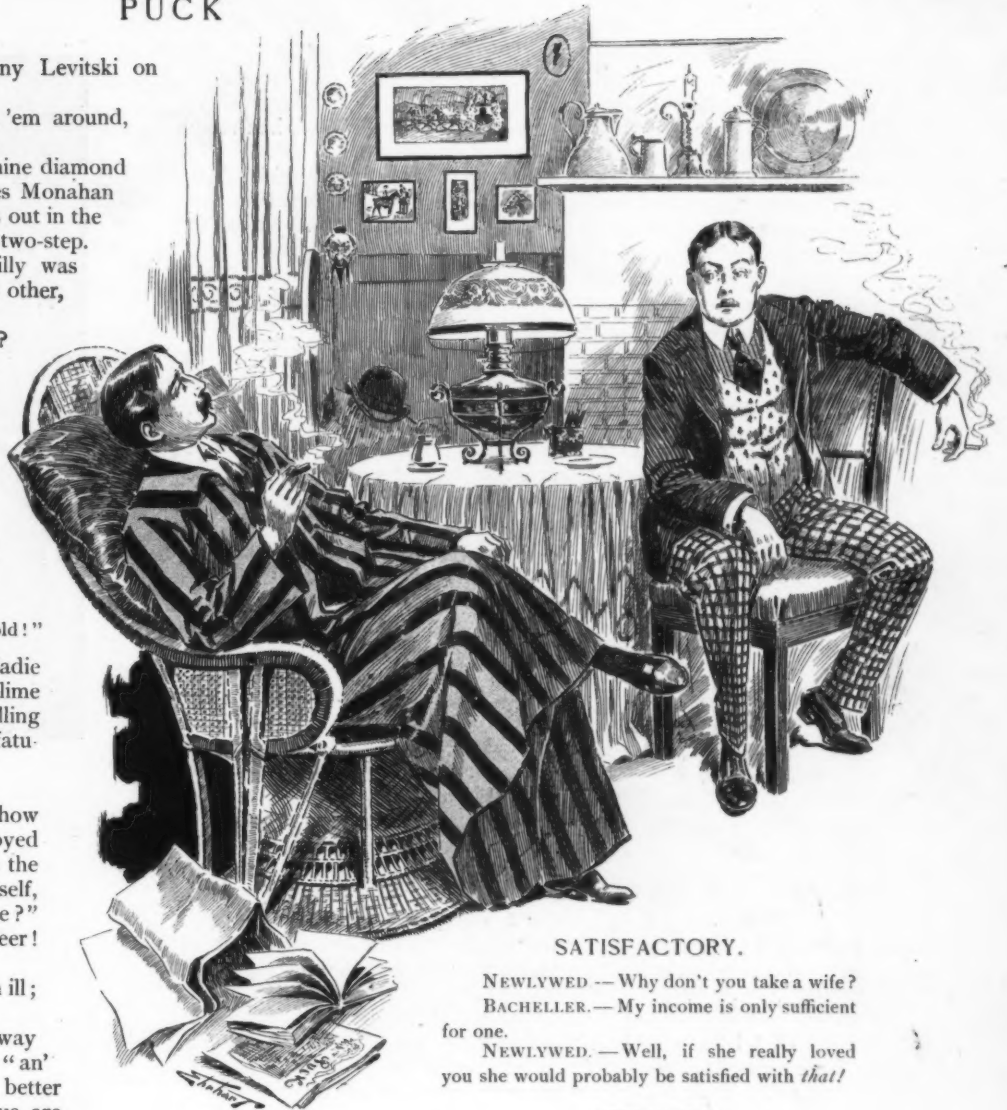
I can put on some side, meself, but when I saw how it jarred Sadie and our Gert, and how the boys enjoyed it, and even Willy said old Mr. Monahan was all to the good, I went up to him and I said: "Enjoy yourself, Mr. Monahan; won't you take the head of the table?" And he says: "Sure, ye rogue, and I'll carve the beer! Where's the can, Jerry?"

Then Sadie Monahan said: "Pawpaw, you seem ill; had n't you better retire?"

The old man gave her the ghastly grin. "Cut away into the cookies, me Connaught coquette," said he; "an' pitch an' slash into what ye see before ye, fer it's better than what ye generally have and more nor what ye are used to!"

An' Sadie Monahan bust out cryin' an' ran downstairs. But the man did n't care.

Roy L. McCardell.



## SATISFACTORY.

NEWLYWED.—Why don't you take a wife?

BACHELLER.—My income is only sufficient for one.

NEWLYWED.—Well, if she really loved you she would probably be satisfied with *that*!

## PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS.

COBWIGGER.—Why could n't you be obliging when that woman who sat behind you in the theatre asked you to remove your hat?

MRS. COBWIGGER.—The idea! Why, my hat cost a dozen times as much as her seat!

## AN ESTIMATE.

FIRST ARKANSAWYER.—What do you think of Jim Sogback?

SECOND ARKANSAWYER.—That feller? Aw! It would take jest about seven of him to make a first-class son-of-a-gun!

## SUPERFICIAL INSPECTION.

SHE.—I can read you just like a book.

HE.—Oh, well; if you only read me the way you gallop through novels there's no harm done.

THERE ARE some people clothed with power whom it does n't fit.



## CONCEALMENT ADVISABLE.

THE GOVERNESS.—Yes; Mama thinks those children are angels, but we know better.  
THE MAID.—Yes; and we know better than to let Mama know we know better!

## FABLE.

Once upon a time there were two boys, of whom one, John, was extremely parsimonious, while the other, William, was a spendthrift.

But one day William saved a cent, and at this his father fell over dead, whereupon William came into the property.

In the meanwhile, John's father lived on and on, and had finally to be shot.

This fable teaches that it is sometimes better to do things in moderation.

## PUCK

### A HIGHER FIELD.

It was the last of the season.

Two figures were alone on the beach—one half-sad, half-stern in its attitude, the other eager, pleading, passionate.

There could be no doubt that she was a very pretty girl. Her tall, straight figure, her waving dark hair, her deep brown eyes and her regular classical features, produced a harmonious entity that the most critical of artists would have not passed by indefinitely.

"Of course," she said, "I understand how you feel, and deeply appreciate the honor you do me. How commonplace that sounds! Yet, indeed, I am greatly stirred by what you have said. I am sure, had not the determination never to marry become so much a part of my religion, that you would have won me long before this. But my resolution can not be shaken."

"It is so hard to argue a matter like this in cold blood with one who seems to be so much above the ordinary emotions," he said, "that I do not know quite how to reach you. I gather that you consider marriage a condition, while not perhaps beneath you, yet one which does not accord with your highest ideals."

"That is it," she responded. "Marriage for perhaps the average girl is at least the usual outcome of her surroundings and education. But for me it would not fulfill the highest life. It would interfere. To me my Art is above all else; and, to perfect myself in it, I must avoid all the doubtful matrimonial drawbacks. I must be free to put forth my best. My mission is all in all."

The young man sighed.

"I did not dream of this," he muttered. "I did not suppose you painted or were literary or especially musical."

And the girl at his side replied calmly:

"Oh! I'm not. I'm merely fitting myself to lecture on the proper care of infants."

### TAKING NO CHANCES.

WOOL.—When you were robbed of the twenty dollars, why did n't you yell for the police?

VAN PELT.—Don't be silly! I had eight dollars left.



### THE RABBIT'S VIEWS.

"Well, if it were not for the appearance of this particular sportsman, I should say that all was lost!"



### A DIFFERENCE.

THE COMEDIAN.—Hoot awa! Are the bagpipes any more Scotch than golf?

THE SOUBRETTE.—Well, I don't think the bagpipes will ever be naturalized.

### MORAL REFLECTIONS.

The things that "go without saying," are oftenest said.

Never hesitate between two courses. You are sure to regret it, whatever you do.

Success is not an unmixed blessing. It is the upper dog that is kicked by the man in the street.

If you don't see what you want, don't ask for it. You are apt to get a substitute.

Deny yourself nothing, and your creditors everything. You will thus interest many worthy tradesmen in your future success.

"It is better to give than to receive." Therefore, in helping yourself with freedom, you benefit others, and, incidentally, acquire the thing you are after.

It is better to be known as a deep thinker than a ready speaker. Unspoken wisdom arouses no controversy, and has the longest credit.

George H. Lee.

### HIS PAINFUL DEFICIENCY.

ISAACS.—It says dot a man pought a bicture for five bounds undt sold it for dventy-five t'ousant tollars.

COHENSTEIN.—Mein Cracious! Vot a pity ve don't know anyt'ings apout art!

LUXURY MAY be enervating, but it does n't result in nearly so many cases of prostration as imitations of it do.

A SELF-MADE man is frequently a very good piece of work until he undertakes decorative effects in the finish.



### AS TO A FRIEND.

SHE.—You know, Clara was ambitious to have a career.

MAMA.—And matrimony interferes with a career?

SHE.—Yes; but she made up her mind that she does n't want any career that matrimony interferes with.



# PUCK.



## PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers and Proprietors.  
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,  
New York.

Wednesday, October 9, 1901. — No. 1284.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

FOR FEWER STRIKES. THE RECENT steel strike is reckoned to have cost the men ten million and the steel corporation fifteen million dollars, a result hardly productive of satisfaction to either party. Nor can Labor be satisfied that Capital sustained the larger loss, for Capital will to a great extent make good its loss in restricted product by increasing its output, while the loss of Labor can never be made up. That Capital is always able to lose than Labor is another point to be considered in determining the ultimate worth of the strike to the strikers. As to loss other than wages, the strike appears to have disrupted the organization responsible for it. The Amalgamated Association has lost nearly half its membership, and of the remainder it is said that but few are more than nominally loyal. A loss of wages must of course be a feature of every strike, successful or otherwise; but when, in addition to losing the strike, the striking organization is all but destroyed there is but one conclusion permissible: that its leadership was incompetent. Either the time was misjudged or the organization was not perfected. The leaders erred obviously at one and probably at both points, and they botched the job. Their speech was far more fluent and fiery than that of the capitalists, but their judgment was inferior. That the membership under them has so extensively fallen away may perhaps show that Labor is learning the folly of trusting itself to any glib talker that urges strikes regardless of their probable outcome. When Labor does learn its need of the same wise generalship that Capital employs there will be fewer strikes, but more that succeed. The plan suggested in PUCK's front-page cartoon this week, to stop the pay of the leaders when a strike is declared, would undoubtedly lessen the number of unsuccessful strikes.

"REFORM'S" WEAKNESS. AS A matter of cold fact we care a great deal less about our neighbor's morals than we do about our own personal liberty.

In a large city, especially, the average citizen is much more inclined to mind his own business than the statutes would indicate. A ready admission of this truth, and a firm insistence that the reform, contemplated is economic rather than moral, will help much in the present campaign against Tammany. No reform movement has ever yet made it plain enough to the run of people that a system like Tammany's robs the poor of more than it does the rich. The householder of moderate means reading of the immense fortunes realized by Tammany's chiefs at once concludes that sums so large could be taken only from the very wealthy. He has never been shown that the private tax levied by Tammany comes out of his own pocket at the end. What his landlord must pay to the building inspector for violating the tenement law is added to his rent; what the merchant must pay for obstructing the sidewalk is added to his drygoods and grocery bills; what the butcher must pay to sell meat on Sunday is tacked on to his meat bill; what the saloon keeper pays to the police captain for his side-door privilege is made up in the price of his beer. Concealed in the price of his ice and coal is always Tammany's blackmail. When the tax-rate is run up he, the renter, pays the increase. He is robbed so cunningly, a few pennies at a time, and so many are the go-betweens to pass the money along to the Boss, that he

never suspects. He knows that the Boss gets it dishonestly, but that he, the day laborer, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the car conductor or the street sweeper, provides so splendid a volume of revenue is a truth that he has never been able to comprehend. This is partially because Tammany has always told him that the other crowd were merely cranks trying to enforce a lot of blue laws, and partially because the other crowd has generally been just what Tammany said it was. This Fall there is another chance to uncover the truth, to make it plain to the rank and file of voters that reform would make it cheaper for them to live, and that it does not mean to take away any of the liberties they now enjoy. Immoral as it may sound, the most of us would rather do as we please than as some one else pleases, and the most of us will always come near to succeeding in the long run, under the law or over it. Tammany has always understood this and the reformers never have — which is why the Hon. Richard Croker has extensive racing interests in England. Let it be made clear that honest government, first of all, means more money saved out of the day's wages.

AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

THE *New York Times*' fiftieth anniversary is an occasion to be greeted with the best of feelings both by its readers and by its contemporaries. For its practice of printing "All the News That's Fit to Print" they should wish it many returns of the day; and for its demonstration that this policy will pay a profit they should record their gratitude. The falling of its birthday at just this time is an auspicious coincidence. The other kind of newspaper, — the kind that the *Times* is not — has come into unsavory prominence; and decent journalism deserves to profit thereby. The *Times* Anniversary Supplement is a fair specimen of its enterprise and typographical resources, and should attract to it many new adherents. PUCK wishes this entertaining contemporary another half-century of prosperity and continued success in keeping its columns clean, alert and readable.

## THE CONCERT.

"These loot solos by Russia," protested Great Britain, "are rank!"

For, after all, the concert of Europe was but a concert. It was inevitable that the participants speak disparagingly of one another's performance.

## APPARENTLY.

BENNET. — Does a police captain have to know much?

NEARPASS. — Well, he has to know enough not to know too much.



## A PREDICAMENT.

THE PORCUPINE (to barber). — Shampoo, please!



# HIS FORESIGHT

EUROPE.— You're not the only rooster in  
UNCLE SAM.— I was aware of that when





**FORESIGHT.**  
The only rooster in South America!  
Beware of that when I cooped you up!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

# PUCK



## A MILD REBUKE.

SHE.—An' if ye had saved yer money, 't is comfortable we might be by this toime!

HE.—Oh! Well, what 's the use av worryin'? Ye can't ixpect ivery man to be a conthtractor!

## THE TELEPHONE TATTTLER.

The Telephone Tattler is attached to every telephone to which the pay-station sign is not. He is as constant as the jingle of the bell, and much more noisy. His time is your busiest and his place ahead of you. He buzzes and rasps as the nerve-splitting current. But the current can be cut off from the telephone.

The fastening of the telephone to your wall is coincident with the attachment of the Telephone Tattler. He has become as an offshoot of the oak of telephone table or case with the final turn of the last fastening screw. His limbs twine like roots about its polished frame, and his swaying mouth-piece whispers to that of the craning receiver as the gust through the upper branches. The process is called grafting. To kill the graft, the tree must be cut down. Disconnection alone will serve to sever the Telephone Tattler from his 'phone.

From office-boy to manager the Telephone Tattler is to be found in all the walls. His operations are conducted only in business hours and before a writhing audience of the agonized em-



## TEMPORARY INDIFFERENCE.

"You know, if you 're cross, people won't like you."  
"Well, I don't care—when I 'm cross!"

played. He scorns the approach and deportment of the ordinary mortal in his addresses to the instrument.

Festooning his limbs above and below his mute accomplice, your Telephone Tattler bends his head far away to one side and, drooping nonchalantly to the finger tips, tinkles his telephone gently. His eyes turn in ecstasies of knowing satisfaction to the ceiling as he breathes his overtures to the wire.

"Hello! . . . Aha! It's you, is it? . . . Umh'm! Yep, it 's me. . . . Yes, I am, Flossy, on the level. . . . Now, you do, too. . . . What sat? Sure! She told me. . . . Oh! Quit your jollying! . . . . You know it! Sure, 1868.38. . . . Yes, you will! You dares n't! . . . Tss-ss-ss! Tss-ss-ss!" And he whistles through his teeth in ostentatious composure as the connection is buzzed on.

"Hey there! Get off!" a minute later in stentorian protestation. Then, mollified, and in the former confidential buzz: "Yes; you did. Someone was, Flossy. . . . So she wants to know. . . . Yes. Oh! That 's them. Hello! 38.1868? Umh'm! Say, Billy, there! Oh!

This 's him talking, hey?

Say, Billy. . . . And the drone of the Telephone Tattler is on, in steady rise and fall, as Billy and he are one by wire.

From sibilant whisper to raucous shout fluctuates the ensuing vocal offering of the Telephone Tattler. His loves and rancors are sent sputtering over the wire and scattered in a vapid inanity to the range of earshot. All that he feels he tells, and of comment quip and threat there is no end. Booth will not enclose nor corner, however secluded, hold the burden of the Tattler's lay. It filters to the ends of office and store, and is his, perforce, who may not run away. You are made a party by vociferous compulsion to a thousand intrigues, petty plans and declarations.

## HE DEFENDS HIS COURSE.

THE OWL.—Whoop! An owl can't see—hic—by day, so he might as well get—hic—full enough to see double by night!

Discharge as well as disconnection may rid your office of the Telephone Tattler. The employer and the switch alone are efficacious in the stemming of the tattling torrent. There was once a Telephone Tattler who was listened to with patience and who thrived unmolested in his inflictions. It was his 'phone.

Larkin G. Mead.

By some extreme thinkers it is asserted that even the pure reading matter of the daily papers is pure to the pure.





"IN TOWN."

OCTOBER brings her back once more,  
To humdrum town,  
With life and spirits brimming o'er,  
And cheeks o' brown;  
And ere bleak Winter comes apace,  
With custom stale—  
She shows her pretty, winsome face,  
Without a veil.

Upon the sand, I did esteem her fair,  
And in the surf.  
She owned a bright, bewildering air,  
As on the turf,  
After a wily golf ball we did roam,  
O'er hill and dale;  
But she's as charming here at home—  
Without a vale.

For what's a setting? She, the gem,  
On city street,  
As when she stood by brooklet's brim,  
Is just as sweet;  
While here, as there, I humbly pray,  
And tell my tale  
Of doleful love,—the same old way—  
Without avail.

W. S. Adkins.



ONE CONSOLATION.

"There is one thing about the heat," said the Sage of Kohack, as he mopped his hectic neck with his faithful bandana, "and that is that it don't cost you four dollars a cord, and ain't so loosely piled that you can throw a full-grown cat through it, or so crooked that it can't lie still!"

UNSYMMETRICAL.

PUTNAM.—What do you think of King Edward's proposed long title?

REVERE.—It reminds me of a twelve-foot sign in front of a peanut stand.



SCINTILLANT DETRACTORS.

LITTLE RACHEL.—Here, Mommer, dake my tiamondts whilst I bractice at der biano.

HER MOTHER.—Dó dey bodder your vingers?

LITTLE RACHEL.—No! Dey bodder my learning;—I gan't geep my eyes on der notes!

HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

CHOLLY.—Does your father say anything about me?

EDITH.—Dear me, yes! Mama says he'll never get over his hoarseness unless he stops hollering every time he speaks about you!

A MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION.

"Did Polehunter have any success on his Arctic expedition?"  
"Oh, yes! He succeeded in getting back."

TIME BRINGS CHANGE.

FIRST FISHERMAN.—I think we enjoyed fishing more when we were boys.

SECOND FISHERMAN.—Yes; but in a different way. We did n't get thirsty.

NOT SO WORSE.

MRS. REEDER.—Here is an item which says that the Boer prisoners at St. Helena have started a newspaper which they call *Dekrajs-gefangene*.

MR. REEDER.—Well, that's no worse than what William J. Bryan's *Commoner* is called by a good many people.



THE UP-TO-NOW INFLUENZA.

"Have you hay-fever?"

"No;—that's old! I have the electric-fan sniffles."

WHILE South Africa will hardly provide a grave for Mr. Kipling's literary reputation, the climate does not appear to be healthy.

LORD KITCHENER is collecting the Boers on the instalment plan, and there is no telling when he will be able to get in the final instalment.

WHEN ENGLISH shall have become a dead language, fancy the unimaginative student encountering: "In the sixth, Casey flew up in the air and was pounded all over the lot!"

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from the mildest blends of Havana to-  
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### LITERATURE.

The author had written himself down an ass.

"But is this literature?" protested the other.

"I do not know, sir!" replied the author, respectfully. "I have reason to  
suspect that it is not. For not only are many publishers anxious to publish it,  
but I have been offered vast sums for the stage rights, as well!" — *Detroit  
Free Press.*

EVERY married woman takes especial delight in telling her friends how  
many times she tried to force Charles to take back their engagement ring. —  
*Washington Post.*

THE trouble with the people who look on honesty as a good policy is that  
they are not willing to pay the premium. — *Ram's Horn.*



HARDENED AS CABBY WAS.

"Think I drank so very much that night?"

"Did you? Why, that jag made an impression on the cabman who brought  
you home!"

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be  
traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's,  
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Don't fill your stomach with spirits which wreck  
it. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne tones  
it up.

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"Did George write to you every day while he was traveling around?"

"Yes; every day."

"What regularity!"

"Yes. But I discovered that every one of the letters was written here in  
his office before he started, and all he had to do was to drop one in the post-  
office wherever he chanced to be."

"And how did you find that out?"

"The 'e' in his office typewriter is broken." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### THE TRIALS OF THE MERRYMAN.

"Discharge that court jester immediately!" roared the mediaeval monarch.

"Yes, sire," answered the minister. "Shall I assign a reason?"

"If you choose. He has no sense of humor."

"But his jests are accounted excellent."

"That may be. But, I repeat, he has no sense of humor. This was proved  
this morning. I told him a comic quip of my own and he failed to laugh." —  
*Washington Star.*

A METHODIST woman's idea of a real honor would be to entertain a writer  
of a good Methodist hymn for dinner. — *Atchison Globe.*

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not get a full measure  
of joy out of

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the most of a good thing.

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"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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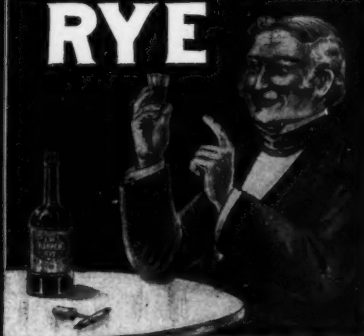
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## A MODERN MUNCHAUSEN.

"I was beset by a footpad when I was in New York," said the person  
who is always having adventures. "But I called on a policeman for help."

"Did that do any good?"

"Oh, yes! I made the policeman believe that I was the  
robber, and between us we stripped the poor footpad of every-  
thing he possessed."—*Washington Star*.

## UNMENTIONABLE.

TEACHER.—What does b-u-l-l-y spell?

JOHNNY.—Why, er—u'm—m—

TEACHER.—Come! Come! Suppose a great big boy were  
to strike a little fellow, what would you call him?

JOHNNY.—I don't dast ter tell yer, Ma'am.—*Catholic Standard  
and Times*.

## REMINISCENCE.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "do you remember the moonlit  
evening when I asked you to marry me?"

"I trust, Leonidas, that you are not going to become senti-  
mental and silly."

"Not a bit of it! But I often recall the  
occasion with interest. I can never quite un-  
derstand how I managed to talk so familiarly  
to you without seeming impertinent."—*Wash-  
ington Star*.

## UNCERTAIN.

THE COUNT.—Sacr-r-r-re! The cashier of  
my fiancée's father has defaulted!

THE BARON.—Parbleu! Shall you break off the  
engagement?

THE COUNT.—Mille tonner-r-res! I can not tell  
until I find out how much he took!

"WHAT is your belief concerning the possibilities  
in the higher development of the intellectual life?"  
asked the tall lady with the convex brow.

"I believe in plain loafing and high living," said the  
gross animal, who had long since lost his waistline and  
his ideals.—*Indianapolis News*.



## NO SCREAMING.


GLADYS.—Were you alarmed when he kissed you?

ETHEL.—Dreadfully!

GLADYS.—And did you scream?

ETHEL.—Oh, no! It was a still alarm.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,  
May mirth, and Trimble, and wit abound  
For in them true wisdom lies —  
As to be merry is to be wise."

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"COLONEL, I saw one of the latest  
implements of war, a few minutes  
ago."

"Indeed! And what was that?"

"A typewriter, Colonel."—*Yonkers  
Statesman.*

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# UNAPPRECIATED VARIETY.

This old world does its best to please.  
In Winter it sets in to freeze;  
In Summer it is blazing hot.  
And yet we're kicking, like as not.  
—*Washington Star.*

# FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

"There's another thing Carnegie might do."  
"What?"  
"Start free ice cream soda water fountains all over the country." —  
*Detroit Free Press.*

# ALL THE MORE REASON.

SHE.—Let's sit out the next one.  
HE.—Why, I thought you were fond of dancing!  
SHE.—I am. —*Detroit Free Press.*

# AN ECHO FROM THE PAN.

"No," said the man with the tight-fitting russet belt; "I don't strive to reach the heights of the ideal; neither do I grovel in the depths of the commonplace. Midway is good enough for me."

The thin man with the hatchet face looked the fat man over.

"You seem like a man who'd prefer the Midway," he said. —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

# A COOL AVOWAL.

"Have you the first requisite of an actor?" inquired the manager, with some impatience.

"I have," answered the young man, in a tone of confidence. "It is true that I have had no practical experience. But I have just had my head examined by a phrenologist, and he says my bump of self-esteem is wonderfully developed." —*Washington Star.*



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MRS. JACKSON.—Yais, indeed! Wha, I'll let dat in less'n six months her husband will be thrown on de town fo' suppoht!

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AS LONG as boys and peaches are raised, they will get together. —*Atchison Globe.*

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"But we ain't got anything like that empty just now," said the editor and proprietor. "But hold on! Yes, we have. You might as well use the cash drawer." —*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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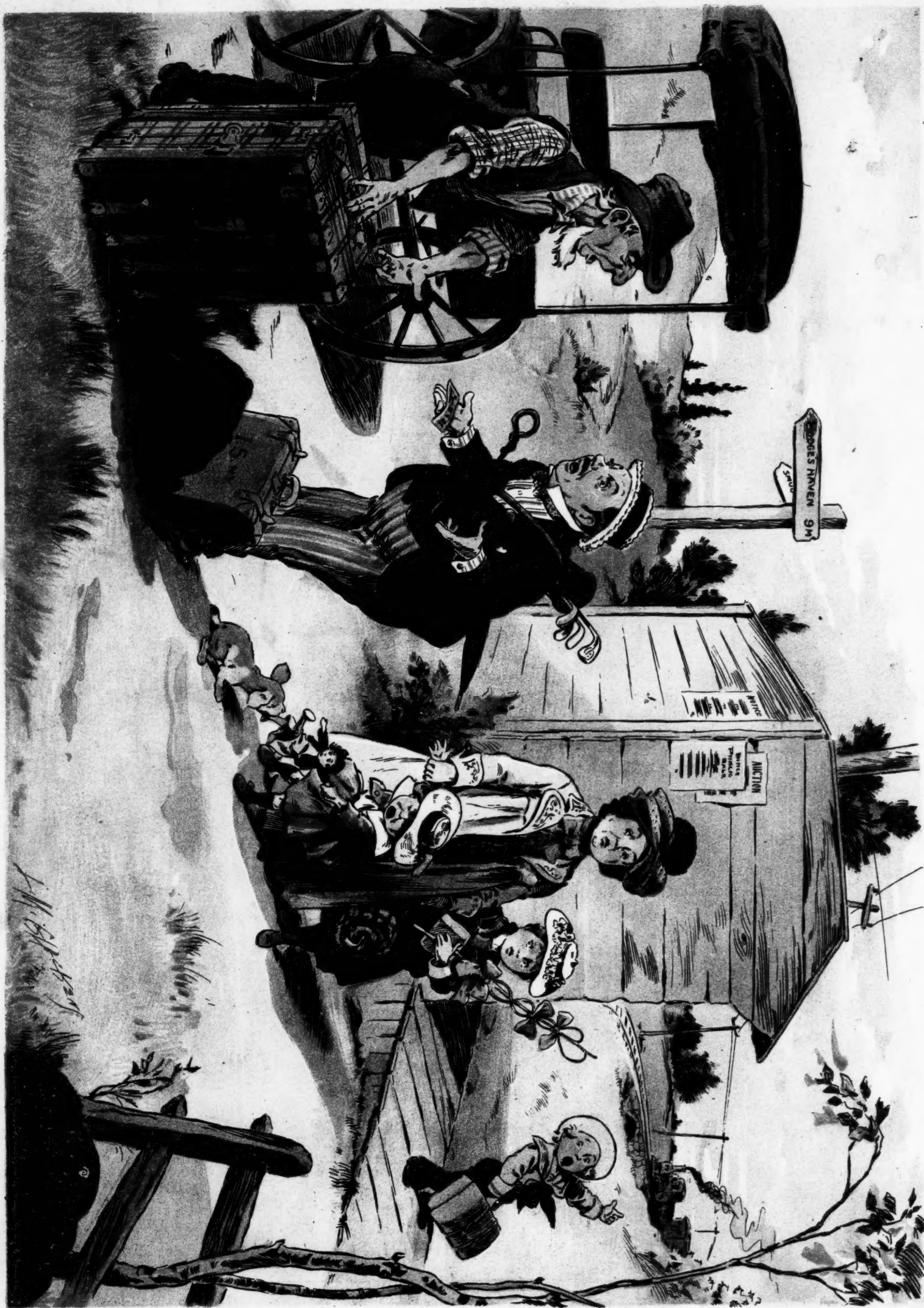
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